

THE 1346 f 14
Woman's Labour:

AN
EPISTLE

TO

Mr. STEPHEN DUCK;

In ANSWER to his late Poem, called
THE THRESHER'S LABOUR.

To which are added,

The Three WISE SENTENCES,

TAKEN FROM

The First Book of ESDRAS, Ch. III. and IV.

By MARY COLLIER,

Now a WASHER-WOMAN, at *Petersfield* in *Hampshire*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the AUTHOR; and sold by J. ROBERTS,
in *Warwick-lane*; and at the Pamphlet-Shops near
the *Royal Exchange*. 1739.

Price Six-Pence.





ADVERTISEMENT.

T is thought proper to assure the Reader, that the following Verses are the real Productions of the Person to whom the Title-Page ascribes them.

THO' She pretends not to the Genius of Mr. DUCK, nor hopes to be taken Notice of by the Great, yet her Friends are of Opinion that the Novelty of a *Washer-Woman's* turning Poetess, will procure her some Readers.

IF all that follow the same Employment would amuse themselves, and one another, during the tedious Hours of their Labour, in this, or some other Way as innocent, instead of tossing Scandal to and fro, many Reputations would remain unwounded, and the Peace of Families be less disturb'd.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I THINK it no Reproach to the Author, whose Life is toilsome, and her Wages inconsiderable, to confess honestly, that the View of her putting a small Sum of Money in her Pocket, as well as the Reader's Entertainment, had its Share of Influence upon this Publication. And she humbly hopes she shall not be absolutely disappointed; since, tho' she is ready to own that her Performance could by no Means stand a critical Examination, yet she flatters herself that, with all its Faults and Imperfections, the candid Reader will judge it to be Something considerably beyond the common Capacity of those of her own Rank and Occupation.

M. B.



THE
Woman's Labour:

TO
Mr. STEPHEN DUCK.



IMMORTAL Bard! thou Fav'rite of
[the Nine!
Enrich'd by Peers, advanc'd by CA-
ROLINE!
Deign to look down on One that's
[poor and low,
Remembring you yourself was lately so;
Accept these Lines: Alas! what can you have
From her, who ever was, and's still a Slave?

B

No

No Learning ever was bestow'd on me ;
 My Life was always spent in Drudgery :
 And not alone ; alas ! with Grief I find,
 It is the Portion of poor Woman-kind.
 Oft have I thought as on my Bed I lay,
 Eas'd from the tiresome Labours of the Day,
 Our first Extraction from a Mass refin'd,
 Could never be for Slavery design'd ;
 Till Time and Custom by degrees destroy'd
 That happy State our Sex at first enjoy'd.
 When Men had us'd their utmost Care and Toil,
 Their Recompence was but a Female Smile ;
 When they by Arts or Arms were render'd Great,
 They laid their Trophies at a Woman's Feet ;
 They, in those Days, unto our Sex did bring
 Their Hearts, their All, a Free-will Offering ;
 And as from us their Being they derive,
 They back again should all due Homage give.

JOVE once descending from the Clouds, did drop
 In Show'rs of Gold on lovely *Danae's* Lap ;

The sweet-tongu'd Poets, in those generous Days,
Unto our Shrine still offer'd up their Lays:

But now, alas! that Golden Age is past,

We are the Objects of your Scorn at last.

And you, great Duck, upon whose happy Brow

The Muses seem to fix the Garland now,

In your late *Poem* boldly did declare

Alcides' Labours can't with your's compare;

And of your annual Task have much to say,

Of Threshing, Reaping, Mowing Corn and Hay;

Boasting your daily Toil, and nightly Dream,

But can't conclude your never-dying Theme,

And let our hapless Sex in Silence lie

Forgotten, and in dark Oblivion die;

But on our abject State you throw your Scorn,

And Women wrong, your Verses to adorn.

You of Hay-making speak a Word or two,

As if our Sex but little Work could do:

This makes the honest Farmer smiling say,

He'll seek for Women still to make his Hay;

For if his Back be turn'd, their Work they mind

As well as Men, as far as he can find.

For my own Part, I many a *Summer's Day*
 Have spent in throwing, turning, making Hay;
 But ne'er could see, what you have lately found,
 Our Wages paid for sitting on the Ground.
 'Tis true, that when our Morning's Work is done,
 And all our Grass expos'd unto the Sun,
 While that his scorching Beams do on it shine,
 As well as you, we have a Time to dine:
 I hope, that since we freely toil and sweat
 To earn our Bread, you'll give us Time to eat.
 That over, soon we must get up again,
 And nimbly turn our Hay upon the Plain;
 Nay, rake and prow it in, the Case is clear;
 Or how should Cocks in equal Rows appear?
 But if you'd have what you have wrote believ'd,
 I find, that you to hear us talk are griev'd:
 In this, I hope, you do not speak your Mind,
 For none but *Turks*, that ever I could find,
 Have Mutes to serve them, or did e'er deny
 Their Slaves, at Work, to chat it merrily.
 Since you have Liberty to speak your Mind,
 And are to talk, as well as we, inclin'd,

Why

Why should you thus repine, because that we,
 Like you, enjoy that pleasing Liberty?
 What! would you lord it quite, and take away
 The only Privilege our Sex enjoy?

WHEN Ev'ning does approach, we homeward hie,
 And our domestic Toils incessant ply:
 Against your coming Home prepare to get
 Our Work all done, our House in order set;
Bacon and *Dumpling* in the Pot we boil,
 Our Beds we make, our Swine we feed the while;
 Then wait at Door to see you coming Home,
 And set the Table out against you come:
 Early next Morning we on you attend;
 Our Children dress and feed, their Cloaths we mend;
 And in the Field our daily Task renew,
 Soon as the rising Sun has dry'd the Dew.

WHEN Harvest comes, into the Field we go,
 And help to reap the Wheat as well as you;
 Or else we go the Ears of Corn to glean;
 No Labour scorning, be it e'er so mean;

But

But in the Work we freely bear a Part,
 And what we can, perform with all our Heart.
 To get a Living we so willing are,
 Our tender Babes into the Field we bear,
 And wrap them in our Cloaths to keep them warm,
 While round about we gather up the Corn;
 And often unto them our Course do bend,
 To keep them safe, that nothing them offend:
 Our Children that are able, bear a Share
 In gleaning Corn, such is our frugal Care.
 When Night comes on, unto our Home we go,
 Our Corn we carry, and our Infant too;
 Weary, alas! but 'tis not worth our while
 Once to complain, or *rest at ev'ry Stile*;
 We must make haste, for when we Home are come,
 Alas! we find our Work but just begun;
 So many Things for our Attendance call,
 Had we ten Hands, we could employ them all.
 Our Children put to Bed, with greatest Care
 We all Things for your coming Home prepare:
 You sup, and go to Bed without delay,
 And rest yourselves till the ensuing Day;

While

While we, alas ! but little Sleep can have,
 Because our froward Children cry and rave ;
 Yet, without fail, soon as Day-light doth spring,
 We in the Field again our Work begin,
 And there, with all our Strength, our Toil renew,
 Till *Titan's* golden Rays have dry'd the Dew ;
 Then home we go unto our Children dear,
 Dress, feed, and bring them to the Field with care.
 Were this your Case, you justly might complain
 That Day nor Night you are secure from Pain ;
 Those mighty Troubles which perplex your Mind,
 (*Thistles* before, and *Females* come behind)
 Would vanish soon, and quickly disappear,
 Were you, like us, encumber'd thus with Care.
 What you would have of us we do not know :
 We oft' take up the Corn that you do mow ;
 We cut the Peas, and always ready are
 In ev'ry Work to take our proper Share ;
 And from the Time that Harvest doth begin,
 Until the Corn be cut and carry'd in,
 Our Toil and Labour's daily so extreme,
 That we have hardly ever *Time to dream*.

THE Harvest ended, Respite none we find ;
 The hardest of our Toil is still behind :
 Hard Labour we most chearfully pursue,
 And out, abroad, a Charing often go :
 Of which I now will briefly tell in part,
 What fully to declare is past my Art ;
 So many Hardships daily we go through,
 I boldly say, the like *you* never knew.

WHEN bright *Orion* glitters in the Skies
 In *Winter* Nights, then early we must rise ;
 The Weather ne'er so bad, Wind, Rain, or Snow,
 Our Work appointed, we must rise and go ;
 While you on easy Beds may lie and sleep,
 Till Light does thro' your Chamber-windows peep.
 When to the House we come where we should go,
 How to get in, alas ! we do not know :
 The Maid quite tir'd with Work the Day before,
 O'ercome with Sleep ; we standing at the Door
 Oppress'd with Cold, and often call in vain,
 E're to our Work we can Admittance gain :

But

But when from Wind and Weather we get in,
 Briskly with Courage we our Work begin ;
 Heaps of fine Linen we before us view,
 Whereon to lay our Strength and Patience too ;
 Cambricks and Mullins, which our Ladies wear,
 Laces and Edgings, costly, fine, and rare,
 Which must be wash'd with utmost Skill and Care ;
 With Holland Shirts, Ruffles and Fringes too,
 Fashions which our Fore-fathers never knew.
 For several Hours here we work and slave,
 Before we can one Glimpse of Day-light have ;
 We labour hard before the Morning's past,
 Because we fear the Time runs on too fast.

A length bright *Sol* illuminates the Skies,
 And summons drowsy Mortals to arise ;
 Then comes our Mistress to us without fail,
 And in her Hand, *perhaps*, a Mug of Ale
 To cheer our Hearts, and also to inform
 Herself, what Work is done that very Morn ;
 Lays her Commands upon us, that we mind
 Her Linen well, nor *leave the Dirt behind* :

Not this alone, but also to take care
 We don't her Cambricks nor her Ruffles tear;
 And *these* most strictly does of us require,
 To save her Soap, and sparing be of Fire;
 Tells us her Charge is great, nay furthermore,
 Her Cloaths are fewer than the Time before.
 Now we drive on, resolv'd our Strength to try,
 And what we can, we do most willingly;
 Until with Heat and Work, 'tis often known,
 Not only Sweat, but Blood runs trickling down
 Our Wrists and Fingers; still our Work demands
 The constant Action of our lab'ring Hands.

Now Night comes on, from whence you have Relief,
 But that, alas! does but increase our Grief;
 With heavy Hearts we often view the Sun,
 Fearing he'll set before our Work is done;
 For either in the Morning, or at Night,
 We piece the *Summer's* Day with Candle-light.
 Tho' we all Day with Care our Work attend,
 Such is our Fate, we know not when 'twill end:

When

When Ev'ning's come, you Homeward take your Way,
 We, till our Work is done, are forc'd to stay ;
 And after all our Toil and Labour past,
 Six-pence or Eight-pence pays us off at last ;
 For all our Pains, no Prospect can we see
 Attend us, but *Old Age* and *Poverty*.

THE *Washing* is not all we have to do :
 We oft change Work for Work as well as you.
 Our Mistrefs of her Pewter doth complain,
 And 'tis our Part to make it clean again.
 This Work, tho' very hard and tiresome too,
 Is not the worst we hapless Females do :
 When Night comes on, and we quite weary are,
 We scarce can count what falls unto our Share ;
 Pots, Kettles, Sauce-pans, Skillets, we may see,
 Skimmers and Ladles, and such Trumpery,
 Brought in to make complete our Slavery.
 Tho' early in the Morning 'tis begun,
 'Tis often very late before we've done ;
 Alas! our Labours never know an End ;
 On Brass and Iron we our Strength must spend ;

Our tender Hands and Fingers scratch and tear :
 All this, and more, with Patience we must bear.
 Colour'd with Dirt and Filth we now appear ;
 Your threshing *sooty Peas* will not come near.
 All the Perfections Woman once could boast,
 Are quite obscur'd, and altogether lost.

Once more our Mistress sends to let us know
 She wants our Help, because the Beer runs low :
 Then in much haste for Brewing we prepare,
 The Vessels clean, and scald with greatest Care ;
 Often at Midnight, from our Bed we rise
 At other Times, ev'n *that* will not suffice ;
 Our Work at Ev'ning oft we do begin,
 And 'ere we've done, the Night comes on again.
 Water we pump, the Copper we must fill,
 Or tend the Fire ; for if we e'er stand still,
 Like you, when threshing, we a Watch must keep,
 Our Wort boils over if we dare to sleep.

BUT to rehearse all Labour is in vain,
 Of which we very justly might complain :

For us, you see, but little Rest is found;
 Our Toil increases as the Year runs round.
 While you to *Sisyphus* yourselves compare,
 With *Danaus' Daughters* we may claim a Share;
 For while *he* labours hard against the Hill,
 Bottomless Tubs of Water *they* must fill.

So the industrious Bees do hourly strive
 To bring their Loads of Honey to the Hive;
 Their fordid Owners always reap the Gains,
 And poorly recompense their Toil and Pains.



THE



THE THREE
WISE SENTENCES,

From the First Book of ESDRAS,
Chap. III and IV.



N gentle Numbers fain my Muse would
[sing
Of great *Darius*, *Persia's* royal King;
That potent Monarch, whose imperial Sway
So many mighty Kingdoms did obey;
From *India's* Coast, to *Ethiopia's* Land,
All People did submit to his Command.

THE King with Feasting, in most noble Sort
Did entertain the Princes of his Court,
Till Night came on, and all retired were,
Then to his Chamber did to Rest repair;
Where several noble Youths strict Watch did keep,
To guard his sacred Person in his Sleep:
Among them, three young Men of virtuous Mind,
Whose Hearts to study Wisdom were inclin'd,

Had

Had privately, between themselves, agreed
 To leave in Writing, for the King to read,
 What, in their Judgments, did in Strength excel
 All other Things, for they discerned well
 Their Sovereign's bounteous Disposition so,
 What they could wish, he would on them bestow.

THE first of them, in Writing did declare,
 'That *nothing could for Strength with Wine compare*;
 The second then his Sentence in did bring,
Nothing, for Might, is equal with the King;
 With like Assurance did the third decree
Women do bear away the Victory
From all on Earth; but yet he knew full well
 Great was the *Truth* that did in Heaven dwell.

THESE Papers seal'd, were secretly convey'd
 Beneath the Pillow where *Darius* laid,
 Until *Aurora* did the Light display,
 And *Phæbus* rising, usher'd in the Day;
 Then they withdrew, and when the King did rise,
 His Servants on the Writings cast their Eyes,

And

And to his sacred Majesty made known
 What in the Night had by his Guards been done.
 The King was pleas'd on hearing the Report
 How the brave Youths had acted in his Court ;
 And straitway did his royal Mandate send,
 Commanding all his Princes to attend ;
 All his wise Men, and Captains, he did call
 Strait to assemble in the Council-Hall :
 The King himself in Judgment takes his Place,
 And with his Presence will the Senate grace ;
 His Resolution doth to them declare,
 Impartially to end this nice Affair.

A N D now their several Writings being read,
 That with the greater Force they may proceed,
 The King commands the young Men in with Speed,
 And bids them freely speak their whole Intent,
 What either of them by his Sentence meant :
 And having Leave, the first did Silence break,
 And to this Purpose he before them spake.

MOST

Most mighty Powers! doth not *Wine* exceed
 In Strength? —It overcometh all indeed:
 By freely drinking many are misled;
 By *Wine* the strongest have been conquered:
 The needy Orphan it will quickly bring
 To be as gay and pleasant as the King;
 Enslayeth him that heretofore was free;
 Makes Servants think they have their Liberty:
 The poor Man and the rich alike are found,
 While Mirth and Jollity go freely round;
 Remembrance of all Evils, past and gone,
 Sorrows and Debts, no more are thought upon
 When sparkling *Wine* their Heart begins to cheer,
 Nor King, nor Governour they seem to fear;
 They speak at large, each would be Chief of all,
 Till Friends and Brethren at Variance fall:
 Drawn Swords sometimes the Pow'r of *Wine* attend,
 But when 'tis gone, the Quarrel's at an end;
 Their Wrath forgot, their Mirth thought on no more,
 Each Man is in the State he was before.

The Force and Pow'r of *Wine*, consider'd well,
Must needs in Strength all other Things excel.

HE having spoke, the second did begin
Thus to declare the Power of the *King*.

Most noble Lords! Of all Things that were made,
Or ever on the Earth a Being had,
Men do excel in Strength: To their Command
All Things are subject, both by Sea and Land:
How strong then is the *King*, whose regal Sway
All Men on Earth submissively obey!
They yield Obedience to his princely Will,
And ready are his Pleasure to fulfil:
To his Dominion, High and Low submit,
He over them bears Rule as he thinks fit.
If he in hostile Manner draws his Sword,
Whole armed Legions strait attend his Word;
Whate'er he bids, they do with Heart and Hand,
Walls, Tow'rs, nor Bulwarks, can before them stand:

When

When into foreign Lands he doth them send,
 They, in his Quarrel, ev'n their Blood do spend,
 And fight, till Vict'ry doth on them attend;
 Then with glad Hearts, submissively they bring
 The choicest Spoils, with Homage to the *King*:
 While those whose Bus'ness is to Till the Ground,
 With whom a Sword or Spear is seldom found,
 Manure their Land, their fruitful Vineyards dress;
 They reap their Corn, and luscious Clusters press:
 And when the Harvest doth their Toil reward,
 They bring the Tribute to their *Sovereign Lord*.
 If any hapless Wretch the *King* displease,
 His Neighbours ne'er dispute, but on him seize;
 If he bid spare, they spare; if he bid kill,
 They ready are his Pleasure to fulfil;
 If Cities to destroy, or Buildings burn,
 They into Heaps of Ruin Kingdoms turn:
 If Clemency within his Breast take place,
 His People all adore his princely Grace,
 And build, and plant, what late they did deface.
 Whene'er he please he lays him down to sleep,
 While armed Bands strict Watch do round him keep;

Nor dare depart, nor their own Bus'ness mind,
 But serve the *King*, as Duty doth them bind.
 Then what can equal him for Strength, I pray,
 Whom in such Sort all Men on Earth obey?

W I S E *Zorobabel* then appears in place,
 A royal Youth of *David's* kingly Race ;
 (Much nobler he than those that spake before,
 Because he did the *Living God* adore)
 And thus his Mind and Writing did declare
 Before them all, that fate in Judgment there.

Most worthy Princes ! I do freely own
 The Strength of *Kings* throughout the World is known ;
 The Force of *Wine* all Mortals know full well ;
 Yet neither of them doth in Might excel :
Women alone must bear the Prize away,
 Whom all Mankind do honour and obey.
 And well they may, because from them do spring
 The Poor and Rich, the Peasant and the King ;
 The greatest Heroes that the World can know,
 To *Women* their Original must owe ;

They

They nourish those that plant the fruitful Vine,
 From whence you vainly boast the Pow'r of *Wine* :
 The Glory and the Praise of Men they are,
 And make the Garments which they daily wear :
 Nay, without *Women*, Men can't be at all,
 But soon the Species would to Ruin fall.
 When Men have gather'd Gold, and Treasures great
 Of precious Things, and live in Pomp and State,
 No true Content their captive Hearts attain,
 Unless they can a *Woman's* Favour gain ;
 Her Beauty to adore they are inclin'd,
 Her noble Virtue does attract the Mind ;
 With Gold and Silver they will freely part,
 To gain Admission to a *Female's* Heart ;
 Her rare Perfections are so much admir'd,
 Nought in the World can be like her desir'd ;
 For if his native Country lay at Stake,
 The Husband quits it for his Spouse's sake ;
 His Parents, Friends, and Kindred he doth leave ;
 Unto his Wife alone his Heart doth cleave :
 Nought comes amiss, he's happy if he find
 A Confort virtuous, loving, fair, and kind :

A willing

A willing Homage he to her doth pay ;
 In Toil and Labour hard he spends the Day,
 To gather Wealth, that so he may provide
 Treasure to bring unto his dearest Bride :
 While other boldly, with a Sword in Hand,
 Will cross the Seas, and wander on the Land ;
 No horrid Dangers can procure his Stay,
 He bravely dares a Lion in the Way ;
 Laden with Booty to his Mistress flies,
 And at her Feet presents the golden Prize.
 Some Men, for Love of *Women*, oft we see
 Have been reduc'd to utmost Misery,
 And lost their Senses, if they chanc'd to find
 A beauteous *Female* cruel and unkind.
 How oft have wretched Mortals been misled,
 With murd'rous Hands their Rival's Blood to shed ?
 While some as desp'rately have sought for Death,
 And by Self-Murder stopt their vital Breath !
 The *King* is strong, no People can deny
 The Honours due to sovereign Majesty :
 All stand in fear of him ; his Pow'r is such,
 'Tis Death to strike, no less than Death to touch.

This

This mighty Monarch I did lately spy
 In's Chair of State, fair *Apame* sitting by ;
 At his Right Hand this youthful Beauty bright,
 Appear'd like *Cynthia's* glitt'ring Rays of Light ;
 Altho' he did the *Persian* Scepter sway,
 This blooming *Lady* took his Crown away ;
 The Diadem that on his Head was worn,
 Her lovely Brows and Temples did adorn ;
 Nay furthermore, when she had done this Thing,
 With her Left Hand she struck this puissant King ;
 Yet no Displeasure did in him arise,
 Who was a Captive to her conqu'ring Eyes :
 Her radiant Beauty did such Beams display,
 From her he could not turn his Eyes away :
 If this illustrious *Lady* deign'd to smile,
 O'ercome with Joy, the *King* would laugh the while ;
 If ought displeas'd her, then the *King* would try
 With gentle Words the *Dame* to pacify.
 What mortal Strength with *Women* can compare,
 When crowned Heads to them obedient are ?

THE King and Princes then began to gaze,
 And look upon each other with Amaze;
 For now they very plainly did descry
 This noble Prince would have the Victory:
 Who, having paus'd, began to speak again,
 Not doubting but he should Acceptance gain.

MOST noble Counsellors, assembled here!
Women are strong, as I have made appear;
 The *Earth* is large, wherein all Creatures dwell;
 The *Heav'ns* stupendous, do in Height excel;
 The glorious *Sun* does Heat and Light display,
 And with his Beams gives ev'ry Region Day:
 How great then HE, by whose divine Command,
 All Things at first were made, Earth, Sea, and Land!
 Strong is the *Truth*, who did create all Things;
 From that blest Fountain all Perfection springs:
 The heav'nly Host with Rev'ence all adore,
 While Men on Earth, with trembling Fear implore
 Almighty *Truth*, which ever shall endure,
 When worldly Pomp and Splendor are no more.

THAT

THAT *Kings* are wicked, all wise Men agree;
Women are so we know assuredly;
 When to excessive Drinking Men incline,
 The worst of Evils has been caus'd by *Wine*:
 All Men on Earth, of high and low Degree,
 Are subject unto Sin and Vanity;
 Destruction does on Wickedness attend,
 But mighty *Truth* shall never know an End;
 Not only strong, but good beyond compare;
 No wicked Men with *Him* accepted are:
 No rich Reward, no golden Bribe can buy
 License from *Truth* to act unfaithfully:
 Fraud or Deceit in *Truth* we never find;
 Good Men embrace it with a ready Mind:
 Whatever Thing is virtuous, good, and great,
 In *Truth* we find it perfect and complete:
 Then prais'd be *Truth* to all Eternity,
 In whom alone is Strength and Majesty!

HE having finish'd, the attentive Crowd,
 With joyful Acclamations shout aloud;

The *Truth* applauding, they, as one, agree
 This brave young Prince should have the Victory :
 The King and Council did his Wisdom praise,
 Affirming he had doubly won the Bays.
 Straitway the King *Darius* did declare
 That Purple and fine Linen he should wear ;
 That all his royal Bounty might behold,
 Commanded he should eat and drink in Gold ;
 A regal Chariot too he did decree,
 Adorn'd with Gold, at his Command should be ;
 A massy Chain of Gold his Neck does grace,
 And next unto himself assigns his Place :
 And to increase his Honour, after all,
 Commands that they his Cousin should him call ;
 And of his royal Grace he doth decree,
 What he would ask, performed it should be :
Speak what thou wilt, it shall be done for thee.
 He was not long to seek what Choice to make,
 But to the King with low Submission spake.

Most mighty Prince ! I beg thou wouldst pursue
 The Thing that Thou propos'd long ago.

Behold

Behold *Jerusalem* in Ruins laid!
 Perform the Vow which thou thyself hast made,
 When first thou didst the *Persian* Sceptre wield,
 That thou the peerless City wouldst rebuild;
 That glorious Temple, which was once the praise
 Of all the Earth, thou vow'dst again to raise;
 That goodly Pile by *Edomites* destroy'd,
 Each goodly Building now in Ashes laid,
 And all the holy Vessels to restore,
 As *Cyrus* did design long time before;
 That then *Judea's* Sons may bless thy Name,
 And Babes unborn thy matchless Grace proclaim.
 No other Thing, great Prince! do I require;
 No earthly Pomp or Grandeur I desire:
 But if this one Request thou grant to me,
 Immortal Honour thy Reward will be.

THE King observing how he stood inclin'd,
 To serve his Country with a willing Mind,
 Rose from his Seat, and in that very Place,
 Before the Council, doth the Prince embrace;

Grants

Grants his Request, and doth his Letters send,
Commanding all his Captains to attend
Both him and his, that so they might convey
Them to their ancient Land without delay :
Not only from all Tribute set them free,
But gave much Treasure to them lib'rally ;
The City built, the Temple up did raise,
For solemn Worship, as in former Days.
This brave young Man having his End obtain'd,
And Liberty, beyond his Wishes, gain'd,
With thankful Heart, and joyful Lips, did raise
His Voice to sing his great Creator's Praise.

To Thee, great God ! I render Praises due,
From whom comes Victory, and Wisdom too :
Thy worthless Servant I myself do own,
Yet Thou to me thy Strength and Might hast shown ;
Thine be the Glory, now and evermore !
I thankfully thy gracious Name adore ;
Prostrate before Thee would I gladly lie,
And praise thy Name to all Eternity.

